

Seven Minutes In Heaven

by writergirl2003

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Summary: Together in a closet for seven minutes. And for once, they don't have to do what's expected of them. LinkAmber.

Seven Minutes In Heaven

****This is just something I thought up, and thought it would be interesting. Hope you enjoy!****

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><p>8:41 PM

The door was forced shut, leaving the two of them sitting in the dark, stuffy closet. Amber shifted suddenly, sinking down to the floor. She could feel her dress wrinkling beneath her, and knew that she'd have hell to pay if she came home looking rumpled. She let her fingers slide beneath her, straightening it out as best she could, and then let her lips part slightly. She sighed, glancing up in the black, airless closet toward where he stood.

"Are you just going to stand there?" She asked, and heard him move suddenly until she could feel him next to her on the floor. She let her fingers skim over them and move until they rested on his shoulders. His hands moved to cup her face.

****8:42 PM****

Their lips met in a rough kiss, one that neither of them particularly cared for, but had always pretended to. He was too insensitive, too hurried, for her taste, and she was too selfish for his. She sighed slightly as they kissed, trying to recreate the feelings that she knew she should be having right now. In the closet, alone, with her boyfriend; she didn't even want to think about what all of their friends outside this door assumed they were doing. Their teeth clashed together in a sudden movement, and she groaned painfully, pulling away from him and wiping her mouth.

"Ugh, Link," she grunted, as he pulled back. "This is so wrong."

****8:43 PM****

"I know," he said the words beside her, his head nodding in agreement; "I don't want to be in hereâ€|at least not with you."

His words should have hurt her; they were, in all senses, a couple. But that was only in public. That was only for the cameras, because God knew neither of them could stand each other. Her friends thought they'd been doing her a favor; shoving her into a closet with her boyfriend. They probably assumed they were already in here, with Amber straddling Link, both of them sweaty and breathless. It couldn't have been farther from the truth.

She rolled her eyes into the back of her head, pushing a blonde strand of hair from her face.

"Then why are we?" She heard herself asking the question, making sure to keep her voice low so that any eavesdroppers couldn't hear a word of their conversation.

"Because it's what is expected of us," his voice was low, as well. "You're expected to be a perfect bitch. I'm expected to be the golden boy. And we are expected to be together."

****8:44 PM****

She felt her chest heaving as her fingernails danced over her full skirt, and bit on her lip.

"What do you think would happen if we told everyone we weren't really together? If we'd just been pretending the whole time?"

"Some of them must already know," he surmised the words, "Maybe Corny, probably your mother."

She nodded at his words.

"I guess. It gets old after a while."

"I know, Amber."

"I wonder what they're saying about us out there," her voice was so soft, so incredibly low, and she scooted towards the door, pushing her ear against it in an attempt to hear anything. "Probably something disgusting."

"No doubt," he stretched his legs out, "They already think we went all the way, Amber."

****8:45 PM****

She let her back hit the door.

"I know." She wasn't exactly sure how that rumor had started, but it was far from true. The farthest she and Link had ever gone was kissing, and that was only because they were forced to keep up their public image.

"It isn't our faults. Not really," he tried to rationalize, "It's not like we _asked_ to be thrown togetherâ€|that's just what happened, you know?"

"It happened because we're the lead dancers on the show, and that's what people wanted to see," she nodded with her words, "We're basically just pawns."

"Do you ever wonder if we could have been together, and _happy_, in, you know, different circumstances?" He asked the question, and she swallowed hard.

She felt herself nodding slightly.

"All the time."

8:46 PM

"Who would you be with?" Her voice sounded so small, even to her. "You know, if you could."

He blinked. It was the first time she'd ever asked him such a question. His tongue darted out to wet his lips.

"Tracy." It was a blatantly simple answer, and it felt so odd, slipping from between his lips, especially to Amber. "What about you?"

"I don't know," she whispered back to him, "Sometimes I think I'd just like to be alone for a while. Just to be my own person, so that I'm not always constantly being paired up with someone. I'm always Velma's Amber, or Link's Amber. I just want to be _Amber_."

"I'm sorry," he said gently, "I willingly got into this life, and into the show. This was all chosen for you."

"It was pre-determined before I was even born. I was going to be the perfect replica of my mother." She clenched her jaw, "I think they messed up when they made the blueprints."

8:47 PM

"So what are we going to do? When this door opens?" Link sounded frightened suddenly, and Amber swallowed.

"The same thing we always do," she answered him, "make it look like we're crazy about each other."

Link nodded, and could sense Amber leaning up suddenly, her hands working at the hem of her dress.

"What are you doing?"

"Giving them something to talk about," she whispered, pulling hard until the fabric ripped in one quick motion. "They're going to do it anyway. They might as well think something interesting happened."

And though it was _that_ vicious cycle that kept everyone believing

they were together, he nodded his head, knowing that it was the only thing they could do.

"Mess your hair up," she reminded him softly. It wasn't the first time they'd done this, obviously. His fingers moved into his dark hair, ruffling it from its perfect state of array. Amber swiped a finger over her lips and then brought it to Link's neck, gently wiping traces of her lipstick onto him.

"Thanks darlin'," he smirked at her in the darkness, and he slipped his fingers down quickly, unbuttoning the two top buttons of his shirt.

"Are you ready to go back to our perfect lie?" She asked.

****8:48 PM****

The closet door swung open, and Amber and Link blinked up at their friends. A round of quiet giggles broke out from the council girls, and chuckles from the boys.

Amber climbed to her feet and grabbed Link's hand. They emerged from the confined area with their heads held high.

It was exactly what was expected of them.

End
file.